

# The Meredith Weekly News.

Vol. III. No. 13.

MEREDITH, N. H., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1882.

Price Three Cents.

## The Meredith Weekly News.

### An Independent Paper.

GEORGE F. SANBORN,

Publisher and Proprietor,

Post-office Square, Meredith, N. H.

TERMS: \$1.25 PER YEAR.

Advertising rates given on application.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

S. W. ROLLINS,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Meredith Village, N. H.

GEORGE SANBORN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Meredith Village, N. H.

GEORGE A. PEAVER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Center Harbor, N. H.

L. HARTSHORN & SON,

Carriage and Sign Painters,

Meredith Village, N. H.

F. P. CAREY, F. D. S.,

Dental Rooms,

Prescott's Block, Meredith, N. H.

J. A. LANG,

Pianos For Sale and To Let.

I can furnish Pianos of all grades and styles, either on lease or sale, on the most satisfactory terms.

Address, Meredith, N. H.

JOHN EASTER,

PAINTER,

Prescott's Block - - - - - Upstairs,

Meredith Village, N. H.

MEREDITH HOUSE,

Meredith Village, N. H.

GEO. DALLISON - - - - - Proprietor.

N. B. WADLEIGH,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

HARD AND SOFT LUMBER,

Sap Boxes and Box Shooks,

Meredith Village - - - - - New Hampshire.

ELM HOUSE,

Livery Stable Connected.

G. M. BURLING - - - - - Proprietor.

Meredith Village, N. H.

G. L. P. CORLISS,

DEALER IN

Beef, Lamb, Veal, Etc.

Market prices paid for the same.

Visits Meredith Village twice each week.

Methen Centre, N. H.

C. E. PIERCE,

CIVIL ENGINEER, ARCHITECT,

Contractor and Builder.

Estimates cheerfully and promptly given on all work in my line.

Meredith Centre, N. H.

O. S. PIPER,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER.

Estimates on all kinds of work in my line furnished on application.

Meredith, N. H.

J. D. BARTLETT,

MASON AND CONTRACTOR.

BRICK, HAIR, LIME AND CEMENT

On hand and for sale.

Meredith, N. H.

E. W. PRESCOTT,

BLACKSMITHING

of all kinds.

Brick-Laying & Double-Barrel Shot Guns

Repairing neatly and promptly done. Axes, spades, etc. Picks and Cast Iron for sale.

Plymouth St., Meredith, N. H.

H. S. DUSTIN,

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

Estimates given on all kinds of building and repairing.

MEREDITH, N. H.

JOHN J. A. REYNOLDS,

House, Sign and Scenery

PAINTER,

Grainer and Paper-Hanger.

CARRIAGE PAINTING.

MEREDITH, N. H.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Designs and Labels. All preliminary business connected with our office is conducted in the most efficient manner. Our large and experienced staff of attorneys are located in the principal cities of the United States and Europe. Address: MERRIDITH, N. H. For particulars, apply to the undersigned.

## A. V. PENDEXTER,

Golden Rod.

Over the dusty roadside bending

With its wondrous weight of gold,

Can it be the old enchanted

Midas used in days of old?

Hush! perchance it is a phospha-

In the sunlight nodding there,

Spell-bound by the wicked fairy—

Sleepy little Golden-Rod!

Nay, it is Bobazza's banquet,

Where the drowsy monarchs drink

With his swarms of courtiers, creeping

From the secret, golden cup.

See, I pluck his tiny kingdom—

Long ago it was decreed—

And divide it, dear between us,

You the Persia, I the Mede.

—WILLIAM B. ALLEN.

## BILLIARD SALOON.

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, Nuts, Canned Goods, and all kinds of Fruit in season.

Prescott's Block, Meredith Village, N. H.

AI COX,

Ladies' and Gent's

HAIR DRESSER.

Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting a specialty.

Hair Oil, Soap, and Bay Rum for sale.

Prescott's Block, Meredith Village, N. H.

Upstairs

OYSTER HOUSE RESTAURANT,

—AND—

FISH MARKET.

Oysters of all kinds in their season, Whole and Retail. Also, Vegetables and Fruit.

Everything in my line is first-class, and at moderate prices.

Methen, N. H.

F. F. BROWN,

LIVERY STABLE.

Single or Double teams kept in readiness at all hours of day or night. Drivers furnished when desired.

We have on hand a three-seated wagon in fine order, for sale cheap.

Near Bartlett's Drug Store,

Meredith, N. H.

NO PATENT, NO PAY.

PATENTS Obtained for Mechanical, Chemical, Electrical, and all other kinds of Inventions. Our "Golden Rule" Patent Office is located in New York City, and is the only one of the kind in the world.

Address: NEW YORK CITY.

LOUIS B. BAKER & CO.,

Solicitors of Patents,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States Land Office, and before the Department of the Interior and the Supreme Court, and all claims for land are promptly and successfully prosecuted. Special attention given to the location of land, and to the purchase of land for the purpose of settling homesteads and all kinds of land.

Patents.

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, and Designs, is promptly and successfully prosecuted. Our "Golden Rule" Patent Office is located in New York City, and is the only one of the kind in the world.

Address: NEW YORK CITY.

THE HULL VAPOR COOK STOVE.

The Hull Vapor Cook Stove is the only one of the kind in the world. It is the only one that will cook food in the most efficient manner. It is the only one that will save fuel and time. It is the only one that will be found in every household.

Address: NEW YORK CITY.

GOLDEN STAR OIL STOVE.

The Golden Star Oil Stove is the only one of the kind in the world. It is the only one that will cook food in the most efficient manner. It is the only one that will save fuel and time. It is the only one that will be found in every household.

Address: NEW YORK CITY.

STILL LEADS THE WORLD.

50,000 IN USE!

Send for Circular.

MYERS, OSBORN & CO.,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

CHICAGO, ILL.

CALL ON OUR LOCAL AGENT.

## Golden Rod.

Over the dusty roadside bending

With its wondrous weight of gold,

Can it be the old enchanted

Midas used in days of old?

Hush! perchance it is a phospha-

In the sunlight nodding there,

Spell-bound by the wicked fairy—

Sleepy little Golden-Rod!

Nay, it is Bobazza's banquet,

Where the drowsy monarchs drink

With his swarms of courtiers, creeping

From the secret, golden cup.

See, I pluck his tiny kingdom—

Long ago it was decreed—

And divide it, dear between us,

You the Persia, I the Mede.

—WILLIAM B. ALLEN.

## Selected Story.

Getting Rich.

Edward Dale started out in life with no capital save a fair education, abundant energy, habits of industry and economy, and a determination to succeed. At twenty he had secured a snug little house in the suburbs of a thriving western town, and married Ella Rudolph, a sweet-tempered, dark-eyed, roly-poly young creature, whose sixteen years had scarcely taken the baby-smile from her dimpled face.

Edward Dale, exacting and apt to be a little capricious now and then, was abundantly satisfied with the management of his domestic affairs. Even after the children, one by one, made their advent, there was perceptible difference, only that there were more rooms now, the floors were carpeted, and the whole house better furnished year by year.

You wondered, coming from your own well-worn sitting-room, where every thing bore such unmistakable evidence of the daily presence of Harry and Bess, and Flo—how you wondered by what magical art Mrs. Dale did everything so bright and new. The Dale children, too, were prettily and stylishly dressed, and not another woman in the neighborhood made such exquisite baby-dresses!

Of the hall dozen and one girls and boys born to Edward Dale and Ella, his wife, four were laid out of sight before they had gained babyhood's "mouthful of pearls." And now, with first-born Una, and mischievous Ralph, and round-faced Ned growing tall before their eyes with the passing years, Edward and Ella Dale had a new incentive to succeed in life.

It was Sunday, and Mrs. Dale, who was not well and disinclined to the usual business correspondence and looking-over of accounts, for true economy is a saving of time as well as of money, and she always managed to "make his Sundays count,"—one day, chancing to turn idly the leaves of an old photograph album, his eyes fell upon a picture of Ella Rudolph of years ago. It fairly startled him.

He looked up at his wife, who was resting on a lounge opposite him. The eyes so soft and smiling in the picture, were now closed over there on the sofa, and those hollows and dark circles—when had they come?

At the dinner-table he suggested to his wife that it might be wise to have some of her work done; perhaps her burdens were proving too heavy; she was looking tired.

A momentary look of pleasure passed over Mrs. Dale's face. Then, with a shake of the head and her beautiful hair at the children, she replied:

"Oh, no! I shall get along very well. Una is growing tall so fast, and it will cost a good deal to dress her, and I want her to keep on with her music. And as the children all grow older, the house will need to be better furnished."

While Una was thus tenderly watched and carefully trained, her brothers were given that large liberty which is so indispensable to the development of self-reliant manhood. Boys should never be tied to their mothers' apron-strings. Sooner or later they must go out into the world, and one who is kept under restraint in his boyhood is sure to go to the bad when added years bring him into contact with vice. Then boy's days bring in dirt, wear out the carpet, and make a terrible mess of the house. It is impossible for the best housewife to keep the floors neat and the books and chairs in order with the boys about the house.

"Boys will be boys," I wouldn't give much for a boy who never got into mischief," Mr. Dale remarked to his wife one day. "Our boys are abominably full of the—"

"He said, chuckling and stroking his long whiskers.

However, I would not give the impression that the boys' training was neglected. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dale were be-

## Golden Rod.

Over the dusty roadside bending

With its wondrous weight of gold,

Can it be the old enchanted

Midas used in days of old?

Hush! perchance it is a phospha-

In the sunlight nodding there,

Spell-bound by the wicked fairy—

Sleepy little Golden-Rod!

Nay, it is Bobazza's banquet,

Where the drowsy monarchs drink

With his swarms of courtiers, creeping

From the secret, golden cup.

See, I pluck his tiny kingdom—

Long ago it was decreed—

And divide it, dear between us,

You the Persia, I the Mede.

—WILLIAM B. ALLEN.

## Selected Story.

Getting Rich.

Edward Dale started out in life with no capital save a fair education, abundant energy, habits of industry and economy, and a determination to succeed. At twenty he had secured a snug little house in the suburbs of a thriving western town, and married Ella Rudolph, a sweet-tempered, dark-eyed, roly-poly young creature, whose sixteen years had scarcely taken the baby-smile from her dimpled face.

Edward Dale, exacting and apt to be a little capricious now and then, was abundantly satisfied with the management of his domestic affairs. Even after the children, one by one, made their advent, there was perceptible difference, only that there were more rooms now, the floors were carpeted, and the whole house better furnished year by year.

You wondered, coming from your own well-worn sitting-room, where every thing bore such unmistakable evidence of the daily presence of Harry and Bess, and Flo—how you wondered by what magical art Mrs. Dale did everything so bright and new. The Dale children, too, were prettily and stylishly dressed, and not another woman in the neighborhood made such exquisite baby-dresses!

Of the hall dozen and one girls and boys born to Edward Dale and Ella, his wife, four were laid out of sight before they had gained babyhood's "mouthful of pearls." And now, with first-born Una, and mischievous Ralph, and round-faced Ned growing tall before their eyes with the passing years, Edward and Ella Dale had a new incentive to succeed in life.

It was Sunday, and Mrs. Dale, who was not well and disinclined to the usual business correspondence and looking-over of accounts, for true economy is a saving of time as well as of money, and she always managed to "make his Sundays count,"—one day, chancing to turn idly the leaves of an old photograph album, his eyes fell upon a picture of Ella Rudolph of years ago. It fairly startled him.

He looked up at his wife, who was resting on a lounge opposite him. The eyes so soft and smiling in the picture, were now closed over there on the sofa, and those hollows and dark circles—when had they come?

At the dinner-table he suggested to his wife that it might be wise to have some of her work done; perhaps her burdens were proving too heavy; she was looking tired.

A momentary look of pleasure passed over Mrs. Dale's face. Then, with a shake of the head and her beautiful hair at the children, she replied:

"Oh, no! I shall get along very well. Una is growing tall so fast, and it will cost a good deal to dress her, and I want her to keep on with her music. And as the children all grow older, the house will need to be better furnished."

While Una was thus tenderly watched and carefully trained, her brothers were given that large liberty which is so indispensable to the development of self-reliant manhood. Boys should never be tied to their mothers' apron-strings. Sooner or later they must go out into the world, and one who is kept under restraint in his boyhood is sure to go to the bad when added years bring him into contact with vice. Then boy's days bring in dirt, wear out the carpet, and make a terrible mess of the house. It is impossible for the best housewife to keep the floors neat and the books and chairs in order with the boys about the house.

"Boys will be boys," I wouldn't give much for a boy who never got into mischief," Mr. Dale remarked to his wife one day. "Our boys are abominably full of the—"

"He said, chuckling and stroking his long whiskers.

However, I would not give the impression that the boys' training was neglected. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dale were be-

## Golden Rod.

Over the dusty roadside bending

With its wondrous weight of gold,

Can it be the old enchanted

Midas used in days of old?

Hush! perchance it is a phospha-

In the sunlight nodding there,

Spell-bound by the wicked fairy—

Sleepy little Golden-Rod!

Nay, it is Bobazza's banquet,

Where the drowsy monarchs drink

With his swarms of courtiers, creeping

From the secret, golden cup.

See, I pluck his tiny kingdom—

Long ago it was decreed—

And divide it, dear between us,

You the Persia, I the Mede.

—WILLIAM B. ALLEN.

## Selected Story.

Getting Rich.

Edward Dale started out in life with no capital save a fair education, abundant energy, habits of industry and economy, and a determination to succeed. At twenty he had secured a snug little house in the suburbs of a thriving western town, and married Ella Rudolph, a sweet-tempered, dark-eyed, roly-poly young creature, whose sixteen years had scarcely taken the baby-smile from her dimpled face.

Edward Dale, exacting and apt to be a little capricious now and then, was abundantly satisfied with the management of his domestic affairs. Even after the children, one by one, made their advent, there was perceptible difference, only that there were more rooms now, the floors were carpeted, and the whole house better furnished year by year.

You wondered, coming from your own well-worn sitting-room, where every thing bore such unmistakable evidence of the daily presence of Harry and Bess, and Flo—how you wondered by what magical art Mrs. Dale did everything so bright and new. The Dale children, too, were prettily and stylishly dressed, and not another woman in the neighborhood made such exquisite baby-dresses!

Of the hall dozen and one girls and boys born to Edward Dale and Ella, his wife, four were laid out of sight before they had gained babyhood's "mouthful of pearls." And now, with first-born Una, and mischievous Ralph, and round-faced Ned growing tall before their eyes with the passing years, Edward and Ella Dale had a new incentive to succeed in life.

It was Sunday, and Mrs. Dale, who was not well and disinclined to the usual business correspondence and looking-over of accounts, for true economy is a saving of time as well as of money, and she always managed to "make his Sundays count,"—one day, chancing to turn idly the leaves of an old photograph album, his eyes fell upon a picture of Ella Rudolph of years ago. It fairly startled him.

He looked up at his wife, who was resting on a lounge opposite him. The eyes so soft and smiling in the picture, were now closed over there on the sofa, and those hollows and dark circles—when had they come?

At the dinner-table he suggested to his wife that it might be wise to have some of her work done; perhaps her burdens were proving too heavy; she was looking tired.

A momentary look of pleasure passed over Mrs. Dale's face. Then, with a shake of the head and her beautiful hair at the children, she replied:

"Oh, no! I shall get along very well. Una is growing tall so fast, and it will cost a good deal to dress her, and I want her to keep on with her music. And as the children all grow older, the house will need to be better furnished."

While Una was thus tenderly watched and carefully trained, her brothers were given that large liberty which is so indispensable to the development of self-reliant manhood. Boys should never be tied to their mothers' apron-strings. Sooner or later they must go out into the world, and one who is kept under restraint in his boyhood is sure to go to the bad when added years bring him into contact with vice. Then boy's days bring in dirt, wear out the carpet, and make a terrible mess of the house. It is impossible for the best housewife to keep the floors neat and the books and chairs in order with the boys about the house.

"Boys will be boys," I wouldn't give much for a boy who never got into mischief," Mr. Dale remarked to his wife one day. "Our boys are abominably full of the—"

"He said, chuckling and stroking his long whiskers.

However, I would not give the impression that the boys' training was neglected. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dale were be-

## Golden Rod.

Over the dusty roadside bending







p. m.  
Read J. W. Beede & Co.'s new "ad"

lays.

Straw Roast.....	14 to 15
Lamb.....	10 to 10
Turkeys per head.....	50
Dried Apples, per lb.....	6 to 6
Oysters, per qt.....	35 to 40
Cod Fish.....	10 to 7
Cash.....	7
Haddock.....	6 to 7

Straw Roast.....	14 to 15
Lamb.....	10 to 10
Turkeys per head.....	50
Dried Apples, per lb.....	6 to 6
Oysters, per qt.....	35 to 40
Cod Fish.....	10 to 7
Cash.....	7
Haddock.....	6 to 7



**TRUTH** that crushes lies! Here, Astrologer and Psychologist, will, for 30 cents, tell you, long before you feel them, the hidden motives of your best friend or foe! **CHRISTIE TOLL!** If you desire husband or wife, with name, time and place of meeting, and date of marriage, perdition or bliss promised. Never returned to all sent without. **Address: P.O. Box 100, Napa, Cal., U.S.A.**